

Read Novel My Love My Hatred Chapter 11

Chapter 11 One Million Dollars

I glared at Brian and asked: "What is going on?"

Brian didn't dare look at me and avoided his gaze. "Jennie, I'm also just a staff, I'm not sure about what happened. The boss told us you have to take this project. If you accept this, our company will earn five-hundred thousand dollars and give you 50 thousand dollars alone as commission. If you leave after that, then we will let you go."

It was supposed to be a 2 year project, now it had become 10 years. I knew immediately who ordered this.

The next day, Brian sent me to the Mason Company branch's office to work. I had to go, I didn't have a million dollars to pay.

Reaching at the Mason's, the assistant brought me up to the 22th floor. She knocked the door and I heard a familiar voice saying: "Enter."

I forced myself to calm my hatred.

The assistant opened the door and I went in.

Sitting in front of the desk was Lance, staring at his computer. He looked up and looked at me up and down. "You still came." He smirked.

I scoffed and said: "You forced me here, of course I'm here."

Lance smiled evilly and said: "Sit."

I sat down. Lance tossed a file in front of me. "Have a look, Creative Designs have already transferred your contract to under Mason's, so if you breach the contract it will be ten times the amount of Creative Designs."

I wasn't surprised. I already predicted this.

"Why aren't you having a look? Don't believe me?"

"Haha...." Lance laughed suddenly. "Jennie, there's nothing impossible here, I can make your life a living hell if I want to."

I gave him a cold glare. "Of course I believe you, you're the all powerful Lance Mason, but....."

I purposely stopped for a brief moment. Lance asked excitedly: "But what?"

I stared right into his eyes and said: "Why don't you just kill me, makes you more comfortable this way."

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Lance laughed at my words. His mood suddenly became really good. He stood up and pressed his palms on the table. Then, he bent down towards my face to speak to me with an evil grin I could smell the expensive red wine from his breath. "What's the fun in killing you so quickly? I should take my sweet time to torture you slowly."

I knew it! He wanted me to be the designer not because he believed in my talent, he wanted to make my life hard.

I wanted a peaceful life, but he just wouldn't let it happen! Since he wanted it, then I will challenge him.

Good thing was, I'm not someone who's afraid to die, so why not try to make his life harder before I go?

Lance noticed my 'don't give a damn' expression and looked disappointed. "Jennie Gomez, why aren't you terrified?"

What a stupid question.

"Terrified? Of course I am, but even if I am, will you let me go?" I asked.

Lance answered shortly "No."

I waved my hand casually and said: "What's the point then?"

The following few days were oddly peaceful for me. Lance didn't try to make me suffer whenever he could. He just let his assistant move my office table to next to him in his office.

Between us was a thin piece of glass. I could see him, he could see me too. I noticed him catching a glance of me a few times.

Why the hell was he trying to glimpse at me? I didn't know, but he still wasn't doing anything to me yet.

I focused on my designs and sketch.

Although factory office might look very complicated, but after a few days of trying to get everything clear, I oddly became interested in this project.

Work finishes at 5pm. I stood up to leave, Lance was still there. I left the office building and saw a black car waiting in front of the entrance.

The window rolled down and I could see Lance's face smirking from his seat: "Get in the car!"

I rolled my eyes and asked: "What?"

"Going to the cite."

I knew if I didn't enter the car, he would have millions ways to force me in.

I didn't say anything and went to the back seat. "Sit in the passenger seat." I could sense some annoyance in Lance's voice.

I closed the door and went to the front sit.

I obeyed him, and he said: "Strangely obedient today."